May 18th 1934

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This seems to me is
the right side of the
paper.

Friday. May 18th

May 18th 1934.

I broke off, after sticking my head halfway into the old book, & left Ruffians a little thinner. Can't be anything I said to upset all that holiday; but it was — the flu. So I had to resign all idea — all flood of Parsifal & the glorious difficult end of that book: all was blotted by the damp sponge; & now this scarcely a week since I went to bed, & here we are for Whitsun at Monks' House, more amazing as they) wrote his work in a cold unwarmed Hall Woolworth: this a sunny windless day, the birds all on the trees roaring, on their nests perhaps, & cawing [illegible] early in the morning during bouts of Continued sore throat, which I lie listening. I hear L. going about the garden with Percy. She is calm & profoundly comfortable, owing to the absence [illegible] Even in the back ground of Grumbling Nelly, & her ubiquament by the steady silent unhelpful maid. Yes, we do without a char; we are free, serene, quaker at last, oh what a relief. So if I can [illegible] my head out of the bag, I may go back on Tuesday to the 3 months immersion. But I take a day or two more to rest myself. How infinitely modest & disillusioned [illegible] without ambition, gay now I became, all the flame of [illegible] Could not believe that anyone would come & see me, let alone that I could Ever again string a dozen words. Now [illegible] confidence, instinct, the blessed illusion by which we live & write: my [illegible] gently. Smooth serenity on the [illegible] which I wish not interrupted by writing.

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Sunday
22nd May

at last today, which is Sunday, after the very first match
in the very disharmonious, sterile, — oh I was so
overcome with remorse, nothingness — a little
blame has come. Perhaps I'm ill. Then refers to this
devilish difficulty of starting it first I again
after the flu. Elvera + George, at John, talking in the
room. I'm still miles outside them, but I think
I perceive the right tone at last in the morning.
I make this note by way of warning. What is
important now is to go very slowly: to stop
in the middle: the blood: never to press on: to let
back + let the rest subconscious work become
profoundness: not to be angry: to learn from my hesi-
tancies: no hurry. The whole money to be made in a
year. When book comes out next June it's year
is time enough. The last chapters must be
so rich, so resonant, so weavey together that I
can only do on by letting my mind brood
Every morning on the whole book. There no
longer any need to hope ahead, as the
narrative part is over. What I want is to
enrich + habilit. The last chapter must
equal in length + importance + volume the
first book: + must in fact give the other
side, the submerged side of that. I want,
I think re-read: What I remember from
the beginning, the death of Percival + room,
from my memory. And as the whole book
depends on bringing them all. I must be very
leisurely: patient, + raise my rather creaking
head + handle it with French — so as
cunningly as possible. We go back
this afternoon. + the summer lay therefore
now begins in Earnest: Mabel re.
Betsy when shall we drive to Charleston last
night + my hunched back became slightly
negro + my meandering. Benita Hunt. Clive Nevinson Duncan
Grant + Vanessa about
Mercanti between

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Monday June 11th

that hopeful & we have read rather too credulous now,
since I went back & again on Friday following
Thereon, I ached, was stiff as a rod, & thought
Elizabeth Bowen = 101:- bed:- influenza; & so lay
all that week. Ate last Sunday to be allowed:
& then went to Rodmell; & there began the
Chaplin again.- had a sudden fear of cheese
& then there was the others, the nightgate
singing in the elm tree. Annabel & Mr. Clay
Hamlet telling stories about the Queen -
Prima: & a very hot August Sunday, so I
cannot, no I cannot work today.
Pahena, as Carlyle wd. say (in Italian)
But consider- the whole system is so
strained over this book, that one thing spit
one late night, one hot sunny day - takes
away all truth, all seeing. And just
as I saw it clear before me: the very intricate
Scene: all contrary: broke back buckled up:
To wait till tomorrow.

Monday 18th

very very hot: day allowed to ante & out
after tea. A drought over the wood. In
blood with flies, mos. prance &c. Lyd very
low weary: only just now I made up the
Scene with Rezy. magpie: a rep Jane
forthcoming, for I think he doing Eye. &
to Jane; who comes at 4.
Last night - we sat in Jordan before with
Mary Baker - a tinied housemaid with
body, no bust & bandy, but 2 dogs:
beyond on her terrace. Skorpions, which
clambers with their claws, but pounds you
& then bite: she had seen one, blacker
a ring & their comment suicide: very very

hot-tower. the knockers calling through the railings to be let in. then James. Alex. all playing that scramble & scream & a party which I hated so: rather shocked that Nena exposed us to many young screaming drunks. both perhaps at 2 in the morning.... I forgot we had Aldous: a most admirable, kind, anti-septic disembowered, but humane & gentle man: with age just tempering his brow. Experience: but admirably mature, as we are not; has gone about the world, completely sceptical, all the more humane: judging nothing, yet nothing A little theatrical, about religion & sex; not for that reason a novelist: intensely Elongated, long: his blurred grey eyes: his malice & wit; talked of Sullivan, of Ollolene; Brett. then of the French noblesse; how he visits them: & they come down, amazed to find a live: & he had spent a week end at Wellington with the Sex Reformer: taken all his clothes among the cabbages & read Marie Lloyd. meaning to say penis & fuck: but that said, no change follows. the men may instant to the best advantage but has somehow solved the problem of remaining just, subtle, — a very sympathetic mind. I'm glad troubled to write to him — one of rare grateful actions: not to let them slip so much, to which I owe Aldous visit. — we are to meet in the autumn.

2nd July

Rung up by Orbant Schwab just now. Agha hopping & jumping about publishers. Holroyd Reed, lunches dinners & teas, he comes out with, "And Cant anything be done about this monstrous affair in Germany?" "are you two publishers," I said that make one miserable" Then tipsy, ineffectively, to explain the sensation of sitting here & reading, like an actor in a play, how Hitler flew to munich & killed then that & the other man & woman in Germany yesterday a fine hot summers day here & we took Philip Babs & 3 Children to the Zoo. Meanwhile these brutal bullies go about in hoods & marks, like little boys dressed up, acting their wicked, meaningless, brutal, bloody, pandemonium. In they come while then do & so on at lunch: ~~Iron boots~~ iron boots, thigh, stabbing on the parquet, kill him; & his wife who rushes to the door to prevent them. This like watching the baboon at the Zoo; only he sucks a paper in which ice has been wrapped, & they fire with revolvers. And here we sit, & what I see, remarking this is inconceivable. A frozen state of society. If there were any idea, any vision behind it: but look at the marks these men wear - the brutal lust & baboon, lechery, sweet babes. And in the Just time I read articles with rage. to find him called a real leader. Worse than the Napoleon. Established for a thousand years, some body. Meanwhile as may the weather is brilliant, dry, hot: Clive Jarvis a cocktail hourly, Rinka invites us to hear singing - & I get Bod the morning from Harcourt Brace.

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day
July 6th

Being unable to endure the P's this morning, having indeed worked out that particular vein after 5 weeks working I suppose, I went out & bought him with which I write, at a Swan pen, on a bright holiday, a real Hot Scorcher. And came in & found a letter from Stephen Thruston praising the Lighthouse, & was much by that & thank, had I written myself out, & so read the last chapter of St. Dis consolately what a jolly thing to do, Nina, as I've just said I am out as that mood. Ver so to Rodmell this passing afternoon, a Saturday we were at Regatta, being held for the inconsiderate part of passing the Cydeir. A great red municipal building: Lambert Courtney puts one, wreathed with a gold chain on the bench: L. stood in the box: 3 rounds I heard them whether, so it was. The old pants had made up their minds long before that. No I don't like their hen. I don't like their hatless appetites I think; but no matter

11th July

L. says all swans have rotten noses. And the pants so hot in tent. The heat goes on — the burning dry heat. Mabel making Jane sweat: I'm bored to be like a cat just now. I'm waiting about believing in a city church by way of change. I'm letting the rubicund room potentate. So clayed & dentey: I rather think of marking time like Sergeant a Rodmell: where we take Mabel, shall have Louie Everett Thursh as permanent. We saw her last week end - a merry little brown eyed nymph, who came running to meet us in the road. Saturday tea with Nina; & the Morris's there; today Brant. I make them marks. & hear Johns via in Sun West room Coom Ingney her name - L. there.

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I forgot to tell you about the Coleseys Row, curiously enough. Ivor Novello wrote me a violent letter – broke to break all our telephone – cannot have Jan in my life, because last-minute dinner party to meet Noel Coward. She pleads her most difficult life: Sir Arthur?

Sunday July 17th

Then is one the dreadful, hollow-eyed sunrises. Oh it again this morning. And heat brings such lassitude, such people swarm. I have let them die out, the Ernest: Albert for instance; with his very sensual Royal fully face; his extreme reticences: his Cheltenham vanity always telling the two nice-vaunt-pieces: so easily touched by praise, so ego. Love me like story of the lady in the pink hat. He lectures on the Normans, indeed rather like the Puma in dispute part what he plays. Staying with his dentist at Sevenoaks X he pretends. Well, he had a letter from Verena, to say she had always loved an American with him: missed he had thought the deception. Recognise her? The red hair or pink hat. To be exclaimed, out loud, Oh Verena! what a pleasure to see you! The story would have gone better had she not been Verena. So he went off to Devon for an hour before dining with Duncan Mary, so on. A sensitive man: voluble; expert raconteur; spends 6 months in China alone: a fascinating world. Not like him – why I don't know.

And then the Eccles,' on Sunday at Hever a the whether lecture. A talk of Margaret, my bête noire done by Command; for I went to fetch the lecturer. A there was the Duke. A Margaret I robbed – the so well simple & stately – in the dancing room of the hired house. A Coronation scene: wine sincerely welling up at all these indifferent dears. A talking to

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bluff tough stuff Duck in the drawing room. M. to stay with him
& in the week wood & thistledene. Mrs Locker the lovely
Zayde of Dawson of Penn. C. called her an accidental
Clive very flighty & talking French. R. keeping at under
her eye at the Cheverels. You know, I'm getting her
less sure. I'm not sure that arm: a Theri or
Captain Matthews.. No. I'd rather you asked Turner
advice — which Clive explained when R. went,
because R. had been dashed over a Cheverels one,
when Clive was in the right. M.F. a
Flat faced agent de change. I but Hachbroken in
French because I'm rather thick in that language now,
& have & warily known from Jance. Then is a
real solid triumph, to have made myself [illegible] that
curious bear-about French — & have now, Thursday,
invited M. Vita to lunch, after many pricks.
Gulenday, with her MS. What, L. says is
forlorn Cantarbi Hall, a room on Hazellaid is a
Cave. How much with the public Hand?
She has a joke about the prostrate Hand which we
are anticipating to remember. She has grown opulent &
bold & red-tomatoe coloured, paints her lips &
keeps what need no paint — the influence of Queen:
undercuts much the same: only without the
perhaps radiance. — the hearts lost lustre.
Henry Ham Lavendley, Jack myself after an 1½
hour writing at the Fast. Letter — Chatto. I am
reading the last Chapter of Thackeray Roughear
game on Lutyens. And I set to Knotted a
faded: never mind. I shall lie Hat a Cleba
in Ham. In a few days: and I bet the well
Jack. That is, I am practising myself in a
Penal to at Home: how.. It is still
so hot — so hot — my Whitsuntide haunted Mondi-

blue sky morning. when we hear rain as we did
last night — we rush to the window. A puddle the
nearest of sights. Smell of hot earth delicious.
We drive to Cambridge to dine with Rothschilds
tonight - home by star light. Many rays up to
ask us to dine to meet Tom. How heavenly to
drive by night the rage. Can't become such
wont. I did not go to Edith Sitwell's cocktail
party yesterday. I so felt annoyed; walked
in Oxford St: bought a 15/- servants dress
Jean came out, though negligee: bought melon
therefore. How pleasant to have come in rain,
have. At the whole a well managed summer,
my head were more vigorous. Oh that
books, what a remedy effort they are — to
whole the will have an my shoulders.
And as Roger Mavis said. You must go on
on till you die. Which is true.
No letter: no paper: rather a relief. to not make
Heads rhein. Jolean typewrites a Chinese
prosperity: will hear today. He dined —
Cooper a Weak like Cathy woman — Hamerton —
a mouth cat in a wide fabulike law —
curiously obtuse: packing speedy. Ely
does I like such societies?

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Saturday
July 21st

A new nib. But I want sometimes to describe people, & here is our visit to the Rothschilds fading in my mind. We went down on Thursday, starting about 4.30, driving through that very Italian looking country always renewed by planting rapidly down in a hollow in the midst of the corn. There are such homes; & the road runs by open unfenced fields. Why are fields always hedged over England? The other way is much better. To to Merton Hall: a grey old house, half Tudor chapel, a college: half the most rich & very complete Queen Anne style: 4 Kellers & a stately Gothic mansion. Barbara in a great hat, very pregnant, perched on a chair; long room, bowls of flowers, tea ignominiously spread as by a footman to buy lemonade with jin- jarred for a pale pale cup. The telephoned further No visitors. And where is Mrs. R.? Asleep Ma'am. Then V. came in, a flash of beefsteak, fat, flesh, red lipped; in her own shirt. Sparing with B. about the meat they had. Big steak? to know? Don't I hazet? Two a, partly for our edification. 'Blubby' is one word. 'Barbara went blubby.' Italy always, he said, after a lunch hearty, Venetia Montagu & two other lovers, one by the way Grey Walter, the son of an old cook. B. sat very upright, painted, like a Cornflower. Walked about the garden, with little Square bay edged beds with myth flowers in them; a pretentious unlaured for garden. Oh! let your nets bost. he lied: no I wont. Oh but she always had a note book. The thing a like shocked me; her saying 'I dont get much time for Barbara' this he said perhaps boastingly again, as he walked me down the narrow paths; he said he was

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determined not to become a Recluse like the other Sisters do,
then went to many Rooms with Sisters, to many
Book Rooms, which doesn't leave much time for Barbers.
He had mapped out them; but they he had down,
when he wanted to tell me what Isabel had told
her about Sloge Barnes & the servant & the boy
all in the same bed at Ann: no that not quite
it. but it was Scandal on those lines. B. had
been drawing (like Mary, I suppose) Isabel
Confidences. As it appears from her. Victor
told me the story, after walked. Then dinner on
the Lawn. They stood the cc: a Luxurious
Declarative dinner. To in to the Library:
a Red book case packed with Extraordinary
Book sealed in a red morocco case: which we
had out. Sullivan Travels, Boswell, Wordsworth,
Poets, all laid on the floor: thousand of
pounds' worth, bought since last year, & I had
let him reading such my common Reader.
Ah but this isn't the way to read, I almost said
too long: sitting at Rotherby's bedding. But
then you've had enormous power. Maud, for I
liked him, rather. her a good deal: the more
I see her, cleverer, & the more robust & triumphant.
Youth can have a children Rebellion: nothing yet can
do: has 50 years ahead yet, living in this
very lovely England, & he said the R- fortune is
now at full flood again. Shall he remain a
Scientist a degree to be a Financier? That's
the sort of question youth can ask. He won't
live with these fuckers up 5 minute hear in
Cambridge. He said that his professor, aged 40,
comes out to dine, & tells very old very dreary
smutty stories, all his energy having been
sucked up by Siena. So that is another
argument against the Scientist. Can't consent.

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We drove home at 11. & got back at 1. A lovely
cool shadowed drive through the field again,
two great Vapples & slight marches the sky about
were, & an aeroplane sailing among the stars.
Suddenly I saw a green star moving.
Dunlop ill with very bad pulse. Sheated on bed
respite or rna hot bowels alarming, tanked.
Wrote to Janie & the Robertsons & Symphathers.
Can't really sympathise much that particular
Jessie, though the pain is terrible. Must laugh.
I have just finished the other hen sentence, though very
provisionally, the last Nuttelley Chapter:
but Lord Knows if I must not entirely scrap the
whole thing once more. Letter pack I have now
got a little fresh work to my well for
Hove, now. Had one gay sudden rather
expensive Monte Verde last night. Last night
Came a letter from Henry to my dear
Aunt Virginia saying that George has left me
£100. I feel rather rebuked & uncomfortable,
I don't altogether know why, at the final
tip. Shall I spend it on what?
Now I have so much money. And by the way
Nessa came in, rather to my shame — but again, why?—
only I like nothing there green waist in my mind—
dressed in a 3/9 dress she had made herself.
I know what I am going to do now: I am going to
Come down with both feet on this dress mania:
this Nyssen: this tremendous recklessly:
& this not so very difficult, in a laced
I am reading Wye plays the Legend of the Moray.
Have read, Pericles. Titus Andronicus, &
Coriolanus. We went round, I continue, to
Jill in ten minutes on Sunday morning — a

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Gley blue sky above the skylight, to begin with just; a
legend her sublimely in command of the situation as usual.
Gley in a panic mustering upon a nose: look at the
haemorrhage; Can you take the responsibility? Certainly
I can said Nina: anyhow I must. I'm not fussy. I've seen bloodier bandages than hers. Then two at the
new hackney hour of dawn. So she triumphed. I
doubt whether I could have. Perhaps. Walked
as usual the summer in the Park; I saw the
people playing bowls, I were hoping to thump that
next week we shall have over our bowl. Also
how shall we spend our legacy? Poor old
George only left £700 and no money. What had he
done with the rest? After dinner we listened to a
very good concert; I made cigarettes. I followed
my new diversion of book binding. I am
reading Robert Louis Stevenson's Travels in the Cevennes
paper that one buys in 6d sheets: a great relief
to work one's fingers. Letter from Elizabeth Reed-
ecclesiastic, hopitalation, ontical, in theis of miscarriage
on the moors

24th July

Intensely hard work yesterday, a rather uncertain a mixture,
my old lookout for those permanently American,
who must that May shall be dragged in
June last night at the Watchmen's. Let me see.
Rare gay dress taken very photographically. Desmond
Hume & Tom dinner; not very good: one element of
pleasure lessened. Talk petroleum &c &c.
Jacks joker with Mary for being alone with
Arlen. He does sends her books. I do not altogether
like Jacks joker with Mary. He loves me.
Then, Mary discreter a party. a champagne
Cockerel. Tom gravely attentive. Talk
Yet when whether we frighten a are frightened
Tom said I made him feel I was High all his

Cobbler. which includes Ido. Talk of Patmos. Demand Shakeles.
Hannd. placed him with Graham. described his love of
Great Ireis. he in Elephang, ate in the Tendrey
Tower a peculiar manner. not very close to the objects
a love of little pictures: Jack robust, rather
Coarse: has old Victorian always had an eye to
the main chance. Tom remained on the rug: yellow
boy; but I repelled having denounced the Rock. In
much melancholy in his face. Yes. & then, touched to
Hethe. Demand again Greenbay Bottomley &
Pemberton Billing. I always put he Hustler
Work, where Tom drew to the centre: and there was
heard applause, laughter: & to demand drew on to
holidays, & the lucky wet works whom he watched
in their Hive: Fairest thatch: how Hobbs had
dealt them a blow. Jo to holiday & then, what with
Jacks crow Gamemaker & Tom's inventions. & Demand
bumbling general good will & human love.
Element Threatened conviction, the argument
blazed: how the labour party would come in: what
it would do. but how can you make anything
red-cabbage claim Jack boomed. what is it
Jones do about unemployment, about agriculture!
All these questions were but from the view of
by comparison. How to entitle men: L. ideal
a labour, one other phrase, could to manchulate
the supply, locomotive & wheat that one
Country supplemented another these were all
men & good work. One more were all ready
to be men about it - then demand a real
prepaid moderation. Last, the virtues the defunct
Labour Liberal party: how Cuchulain rose
Slowly in a great wide stream, & pure mad
Nobly calculable & coarse, but by no means

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introduce whirlpools, cut precipices — so on. The dreamed
Orford, presumably, his ideals, but then is what to
depresses & baffles me in him as a critic. They
heckled [illegible] between them, when the argument began to
hurt its tail in its mouth, Mary asked if I would
like to withdraw. We went upstairs. The rat in
the larder, read him, being alone for the week end
We had tried to write an ambitious tragedy. There
was to be an outer story, & a second meaning;
in [illegible] an Ionian Lake. But when the hero exiled
are characters George Buchanan, another Lethia
Pastonby they died under the hands. Could one
then try to write disconnected scenes? Must
they combine into a story? No need whatever I
said. And she clapped her hands, as if had
given her leave; & declared that she would
write scenes, & read them to me. For instance
there was Lydia Maybank's party. As a
person, she had not enjoyed it. I gathered
that she had not had any intimacy. Then she
reflected that she had danced every dance with an
entirely different person: Keyberg, Arlen, &
I forget who else; Lord Hambleden; they said the
same things to each; & each was entirely different.
As an artist then, a supernatural observer, the
party had been a great success. Not to her as
Mary. She must learn to be Mary.
Then the others came; & Tom read his Barker's
poem, chanting, intoning. Barker has some
strange gift he thinks. Dimly I hear a tangle of
words clear emerge. He thinks there is
some melody some rhythm some
emotion. Lacking in the Arden, &
Marden. Wants 5/- a week for the
young man, who has wife, chees. So
home at last. The aeroplanes were
droning in the sky all the time

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Friday
July 25th

Rhodwick begins again: with the difference, we have Mabel just arrived, the entrant; & Lonnie, who is morning in today. And the meal bells shells, tidying, & nothing to celebrate: must always go to Worthing, then come back to a meeting. Not the kind of day I much like, & would rather have no servant in the house; but we shall see. Also, my old hand must make a better study over there: now.
This is written to kill time as I wait letters in.
Yesterday we have too many housemaids: too many
Letters, chairs
Mrs B. Cartwright. La had her hair shingled. Scotted
against the door talked & talked. Was difficult she
found it to mend money though she now has it.
After all those years of stinting. Had given Annie
a cheque. Also paid Steps insurance.
A queer sensuel, though sentimental, woman, ungraded
spray – I mean to premature overripe – rambling
wild & vagrant; then becoming more quiet; in
fact rather a nice sharp kind woman. Writes the
has a cheque book & draws & cheques. Writes the
agency coming the road. She wants to leave
Rhodwick. Very discreet. The advertisers Saloons
at Colchester. Can't get them to show their
when we can afford to go we can't.
But she has been very kind coming up to
oblige, washing up long the rooms. The cocks
a hot meat for Mrs Gay – whose name
is Squelch. Squelch. Oh dear! the
believed & delivered – with telegram – but mail boat
Worthing instead.

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ah hah – Intrus. Have dispatched that material
disagreeable duty. Working a bit too fast. Afternoon Rodwell
Labour party for an hour after dinner. I'm free to
begin the autobiography. A big & helpful Providence
The web is dark, ideas are rising, & if Man
Proposes what it widely puts Providence Shall have
2 months of complete immersion. Lord how the
Creative powers strive to wipe the whole universe to order.
I am in the deep whole, profoundness – even glee –
long Matter that has such as I've had the money
& must be a physical, moral, mental necessity
like Letting the engine off. It will wonder but
day – a learning wonder the faster; all the July
efforts on the glass. I'm going to indulge in a
series of great sharp contrasts: breaking my back as
much as ever I like. Regular Kinder Experiment
now & (one) can work drag a when a read became
I am making up all the time. Perhaps Bob T.
was right in his sense when he called me fortunate
above all – I mean in having a mind that can
express – no. I mean in having mobilised my being –
learn to give it complete ~~not to~~ outcome –
I mean, that shall to some extent bound upon to
break every mould, find a fresh form of being,
shatter all expression, be Everything Well & Mine.
So that when this weather I get the sense of being
fully energised – nothing to Stanked. But
then needs constant effort. Acquiesce a rest. Here
in 11. N I am beating the mould in readiness
by the Waves

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1st Aug

9'm black & blue from their worrying,
Meijne tortured me early & late,
Some with their love, — God help me!
The others with their hate.

Why I trouble to copy out these lines which are from Heine, I don't know, except that they represent what happened to my perfect free days at Charlton Yesterday I ought not to have the illusion of perfect happiness — that is impossible. Yet again, God. Steel them, for my friend — then is Lady Sybil Colefax over sneering at my taking too much care of myself; & then a Christ handmaid — or a then this morning, how do Francis Jeps know, due to be hoked he may die, & the paralysed; another observation tomorrow, under which Cantar has come back. She sees him today. How odd, one last day, then: how they hate life. & then & come he may live. How I hate funny things these thoughts again, & what a jumble & meanness & Jordidity & the fine, one's feelings are. Remember, as far a L. Joel, never never to break & heathi. In fact this might be useful in all connections:

2nd Aug:

My mind, only how can it ever wield a name. Still running up upon dear old Frankie, who may he dying — but ever cheerful & objective — between great Sybil. Why didn't I remind her of how he wrote & the way she treated me. How he put me all in a hurry. What a stinging reproof that would have been — & only thought of it Yesterday. But perhaps dear Still set it in a curious problem: why was I not even muddly annoyed at the time, & now, in the sad, why am I awfully annoyed. Anne drops of

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person. Perhaps, managed to capitalise the whole thing: the oddly vivid & unreal upsetting effect of knowing that one's been talked about. The reflection of myself in Courtauld's drawing room. to be made the subject of Clive Bell's sneers. But I don't mean to have another row, à la Eddy.
And then I get the eye maker at midnight for me to see — no, that's not true. I can (see) the dining room, the bed, the taylor; I can act one last night. & I've woken early in bed each & all that — my eye is quite remorseless — but I don't feel. However, then I'll gradually remember, remember, a flesh.
I'm worried too with my last cheques — but all love Sweets (Bolus)? And then the eminence of light — the perpetual ebb & flow & invention.
We driving happily one day — we faded the next.
Lawes sent money here. a leap in the dark
quite. Mabel making currant jam.
But having stretch currants when the head & face. Mabel had a chutney that turned out the 4 years was called Old Jorge.

Saturday Aug 4th

waiting about to go to Aunts wedding. We begin
Yet. no bells ringing. to impromptu to do
Ascot. (here) am at 11 the hot August. We
morning in full garden party dress.
was a Frankie. the top tag the boys playing
cricket reminds me of our cricket. Sensation. What is
the difference between memory. Evoked by remarks,
& thought — the thought required by a pace & Plato for
instance?
Yesterday just as we had done tea, Mrs Garnett

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form appeared: Karmi traveled theyre. Storm very thick & large.
Her unfortunately complexion taken the form of prawny dream:
Clever old stream. Her exclamation, efter bowels a good bowel.
Then is big way of saying — what? My marriage was
not so bad after all? He remain perfectly unmoved,
Stout. Smooth: I suppose curiously unnatural, though able
to go through all the actions correctly as form man,
father, husband.
The night before, Enid Jones rang up & came, from 9.15 to
10.45 to discuss her book - the effect of women the
Grand National on a chess. ordinary: really another
Case of impersonality I think. to rub off the taste of
Goodwood with Kathleen Wilson. like a dog
eating grass. But why did she need to eat grass?
Reclaim, being a salty way she married a very rich man:
is neither rich Jewish nor Jewish nor herring: &
that's an ambiguous state that requires perpetual
adjustment. The hot sheets from night to night. Or have to
provide a tranquetum. An unlazy woman. rather had
Brandesha ask her children ask his respectable ask hers
Lautrin in our taa. Uncertain whether to stay or go.
Aline & Julian & wm to tea today. I wish never
met to push up one of the thorns so artfully arranged
by the Persian - visited m. Gave me the bill in case
away. I will carefully observe his method &
analyze it in action.
Glad to come here next weekend. Saxon may
Emmanuel broken there 10 years in our natural
vision. photo about Jericho! & wm. A relief after
Libyl hermetics. Certainly beyond bears do
Glare as Rupert said. No use the wedding yet.
I think the craving of the human being for sympathy.

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Aug. 7th

A rather wet Bankholiday. Tea with Rigby.
Maynard had had teeth out. Lutwas very feeble. To Lucerne:
Yes, I've been 3 weeks in America. An impossible climate.
In fact they collected all the faults of the climate.
This causes acting theory about climate. Nobody could
produce a great work in America. The forests all
dry & the dust sticks to one face. The nights are as
hot as the days. Nobody sleeps. Everyone is kept up
the 24 all day long by the climate. I used to
debate outside Brazil all. Well perhaps well
until I left. The shipwreck was all the Captains
fault. We nearly a bee line for the Lightship men log
He had the boats launched before we struck. Well
had the men at the wheel before they were in it.
Very efficient, intrepid fine Captain. Nathanael. A
Don Juan. To be German soldier. They're
down sensibly my year with the many. I can't make
out what. Whether the Lords are taking away
Mrs Cabinet. Letter re, of 200 Jews
to take away £2,000 — after they can't pay the
Lancashire bill. Always the Germans here in
Egypt cotton for Egypt, had it in
Lancashire. It's a male belt, a la Cotton all
battery can't pay. Yet Egypt buys
the time. What of fa! Armaments no doubt
What are the classes, Samples of in Ca trade -
Jews Worden has been one & Jews can't go a-
20,000 people out of work. But of course there
something behind it. Whether the cause of
financial crisis? Hope does something to bolt -
Mr Massey carried the wolden.
(but) am thinking all the time what a to find
How & how. I want a Chorus. a General

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Sunday 12th Aug.

Valement. a song in 4 voices. how am I to set it? I am now almost within sight of the end. racing along. to become more & more dramatic.
And how to make the transition from the colloquial to the lyrical, from the particular to the general?

Then a Sayers week end he is in the house, this windy cold grey day, playing chess with L. Odd that I should think of 'honey-sweet' Queen in connection with Dyson. But he has grown rather pink & chubby in law, a very mellow & in fact charming man. The old acerbities have been melted in the sun — I cannot guess what mean. But the meaning, & Mrs. Sickert! Anyhow he is not merely a bundle of desiccated separate remarks about books & trains: he is continuous & even suggestive. I have spent an hour & a ½ talking with him about Shakespeare, books in general, their people; & there is some virtue in these old friends: I mean conversationally; they enrich. What about France? he can supplement my question with all his knowledge of the past: & that is joined to my knowledge: so that we say many things we mean. Thus, I wear a pearl ear pendant to ask him. He says a good deal, seems: has rather expanded into queer corners; the Beresfords & the Lambs. And he has brought a new book on Aristotle. Barbara, her children the baby, Eye? imagine. But the other ladies all to be talking. We had the Keynes's over. Old friends again. M. adroit, ruffle & full of that queer imaginative ardour about her long, humanely; able to explain Flint & the age of man from some book he has read. Silent while we gossip. Immensely amused to

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by letter scenes, as ay Mr Hardy & the Savages. He complained that pest mer. Shaw & Wells, are notterrors; they do their Work. Why can't they be simple. & do we Want? He said Shaw never said anything new, but Charlotte does. He has a ranging adventurous mind, which I enjoy. In short we did Hayes have made a good job, on the whole — such was my feeling. They stayed late. Duncan is still bad with the rheumatism torturing Jean, & Nina Hobhouse much worried. Now absent, except Julian, extremely obstructive about France. Now nothing, but perhaps more doubtful. Oh & the Drought has broken: 2 carp are dead; there is the old ugly grey welter in the Ouse, which I'm afraid may now become 'weather'. But — ah, at this moment, rather hoarse, random, interesting. Vita came over very late for dinner, having been kept by a row with her mother who says M. Eats pate de foie gras with a shoehorn. She had been accusing her footman, a cocktail party boy with hair has called Leonard, & nicknamed Lemon, of putting Lysol in her medicine. Vita thinks Harold is getting old. Domestic, because he talks of grandchildren, & wants to have a butler to brush is clothes & a spare room. Good Lord said Vita, and I wanted grandchildren! for what Exclamation Vita he. In fact the mean, to me, in spite of V. & the dark Island, very well. So in to wait beef & plum tart.

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17th Aug.

Ja. I think amongst the modern ones of 2 wakeful nights, making up early mornings rather. I think I see the end of Here's New (or Mine, or Dann or whatever I shall call it: It to end with Elmer Gantry and the hero's saying What did I make this knot in my handkerchief for? & all the Coffins rolling about — It to be all in Rhythm & no Rhyme — I have now made a sketch of what happens in it; nothing much or nothing hardly in the downtown scene. I think the back is broken. I work from 10 to 1 & 4 to 8 & my rough pages I imagine: which is at 200: $50 200 TT 0,00 to 130,000.

2 I shall never write down to the boat came yesterday. When I walked about on the river. An expensive Sail — £7.7.6 to be exact. I shall what comes of saying lightly I'd like a boat. But never mind I have Gregory's legacy. a Quarter of 112 M. can be published till Oct. Jan. I still) have £1000 or thereabouts saved. Mabel called now the Low, is still with relentless & very 'low' as she calls it. a very tolerable summer this. I have not entered Hyde Park yet: I am the downs made into Putney & a pneumatic drill at work: & the Scotch woman: a Mrs like a double guinea key pale hair & brown sorrow the windmill-Such a dress such a visit as branded shoes like a new cheap villa on my brain. But I am thankful M. & h. when lunch time

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21st May

Have taken a week off, in the middle of the Lent Term, which is indeed like a Lane in a Alley, Jane, but decided to write that horrid book, Miss Peters. This morning — Last night the ice was had, & we decided that Mabel must go. She is a Dump. She wears her shoes as Ede, chaw long black stockings. Also there was a hot violent Gale. It was a bad day get kind, & I dreamt ferociously all night about Mamma; & Exclamation, & woke with shrimp back in hackles, like a Cats, & the old cry Fight: upon wh I opened the door: no Ellen: only burnt head — & so I had ½ an hour in the Kitchen what is Courtney with Mabel, & now I can't Think: I shall moon the day away. Then a chat-come of Jimmy ahead at that Last chapter. Then my Concentration. I read Ive Last night, & turned to me with marshy time (really — heave help me — in Comparison. It's the Change of par that so upsets Like a Monkey in a Car. being spelt from one word to the other.

I shall go in & put back (my wrath) I mean away the money & prayer a good dinner. The week end will be intolerable. Plomer, Lyn, Ursula (perhaps do much to me. Ben are away the new room for the Last time. The Lemon of Ilex, how is that one can are all kind of 'poems' in one book. Nevertheless the most important poem, really, Comedy. Play: narrative: mystery, ode in one. Very short. Then needs thinking over.

Also, a play about the Parnells.
or a biography of Mrs P.

Sunday
Aug 25th

Thomas & Lyn are talking outside the window. They are sitting in the walled garden, on the chairs we bought yesterday. We have left them there to read, & have supplied them with Ethel's books, with Blunt men cross the Bridge - an immense long tale about (work of Seamen the Lot says calls it) novel; but now they have exhausted reading - indeed it is rather windy - & are talking. I catch only a word now & then. Lyn has just said that the 'un merely supposed it "By what, I wonder! I doubt that the immensely happy anything. She is rather faded & suppressed. & liberal & conscientious, wearing her hair straight & frowning. William Thomas (but L. disapproves) rather aged & disillusioned. But, apart my forecast, I am glad I've been good. Marked 'a pleasure' with some to help us live in greater comfort than we have there 5 years. Ethel came over to tea, yesterday, & told her owl - who is a redmantled hunting cock - very ignominiously. In fact the adds considerably to the entertainment of the week end. We sat & bawled, about God & Dulwich & the only had time for hag a remark about the person - her constable luck & ambition

Wednesday was a horrid day, though, when we took Julian Angelica & Susan to London, on a windy day; & had toothache, went to the dentist, (he says) must have 2 teeth out; & everything went on a nightmare - Sidney, after a bitter cold drive with a most deficient new & scarcely safe car, Charleston, where) arranged into a clumsy & domestic & wan. Thoroughly ventilated with Duncan for making him take Aunt Mary - Can't come here, Can't go to London as long as he is ill; & with Vanessa for her passive submission; & with myself for being the good fairy Aunt. Had how that cold Can bore me - how unreal she - & why do I act it? There were my thoughts, soothed mercifully after dinner when by Leonard

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Monday 27th

the week end letter. I am trying to start the nameless book again; & as usual find it grinding. to keep set back into those dog hours. all the same. I enjoyed the week end. Lyon left; which were all to the good, as he has no great range from hyp. & W. had. I found, said all he could say. Then Lyons came, & hobbly pervaded the house with a smell of stale cabbage. "At Jimmy Simms Cock tail yesterday. ... I said to Herbert - Imagine Maclair" He is not merely recondite, but almost criminal; which is amusing, and in a way. At Mrs Cameron Diaz - Thaxter Corn said. Probably the son of a small tailor. Stammers on the letter a. has a typical delusion - He loved me as a male and hated woman, who divorced her husband, & left & on the Quai. lives at Lubbock & leaves Neil at 2 a.m. The Dewis Hugh Lewis & Blackguards the Police - He would not cheat the wind the end. Then Lavender the gardener is an Ex-burglar: has done 14 years in gaol, & is a preventive detention man, under charge of Hancock (This ex burglar came round the office copy to borrow 15/-) He - Neil - has his regret to borrow 15/-) He - Neil - has his pratting amiability, though. & annoyed me with stories of making cigarettes & fathering Sampson. A number light fingered little mauvaises. much concerned to amass, to minerise, & much afflicted with various desires. the cats corn cobs: & may [illegible] have come round to bring me rain, & thaw off his cigarettes. what a dog in the kitchen pail! Corn. Jane this morning I doubt that Shaw agnostic add to the portrait of Corn. Jane that I think he is Tommy Cham. & husband adding weight. another novel coming this autumn. No reference to the Press. Lyon Jane him a snap of her own hand to decipher, which I forget unlair.

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Monday
30th

W's can't even work him, enough making up the last scene,
how can I possibly read Dante? Impossible. Ogden
3 days grind, Jeffery Peach. I am I think liberated again:
Robson comes to lecture today: & the weather to-morrow:
& ... another before making up Sh.'s Week ...
"I don't know what I've been Clarky my hand all
the time." Coppen.
Week after I've enough in stock to last out this
Chaplin: I daresay another 2 or 3 weeks.
Yesterday I found a new walk, & a new form,
in the wood between Ashman & Tanney Newsh.
Very lovely. ash alone, with the dorm very behind.
Then I walked back by high wood overflowing
Priory river. The porpoise came up, pulped
it rained. All autumn was dissolved. An
incredibly 18th Century landscape. Latterly
mentioning Thank Ln & Wellington
a tremendous heat storm after tea, like white
ice; broken up: Everything Canad, Carthy. like the
Earth being whistled. Then happened reveal trees:
Black clouds which we played Brahms.
No Collins at all this summer. But there will
be many next year, I predict. And I don't
mind: the days, yesterday like Exact. hurried
Triumphant: wintry: the walk: reading,
Leeson, a debate. Saint Simon. Hay James'
Preface to P. & a Lady - very clever. Answers,
Extreme values keep Recognise: then
Gides Journal, again Talk of Stanley
& Collection - Keys I'd have read myself

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Sunday
2nd Sept.

I don't think I have ever been more excited over a book than I am writing the end of — Shall it be Dacon? Ari Hartoo suphalee, venkmanlal. I wrote like a — forget the word — yesterday; my cheeks burn; my hands tremble — I am doing the scene where Peggy listens to them talking a bout — cut. Uneven this outburst that excited me so. Too much perhaps. I cant make the transition to Ea Much easily this wrong. Another bulk; but very slight. Cannot part by the great tea table talk yesterday — q to Lia: Ks. Bs. K[illegible] martin, & Kochan the Economic Jew, I forget his name. We arranged lots of letters eaten on two tables. And some came early, others late. And they talked (as in my book that wrong) about Civilization, owing to Li article on Wars, which had, as usual upset Kingsley, even to the Extent of making him entirely give up the Dr S. & taking a professorship. "For what the use ask N.S. of there is no future for our Civilization?" what use in any profession in that case? Clive inappropriately tried to flirt with that scrannel woman Olga. A wrong cut with woman's hands woman. And K — so humorous, so effusive — hydria offered, Maggie, by the death of Cecchelle. And Magnus by his wretched party. The men played bowls — the Jews, including M — sat in the alcoves room. But Olga made us restrained. I am very calm & worldly complacent at the moment Chaps. Rather like those made up words. Lyly words low people. Arranged by Demain Mare — a temps: maybe consumption — no ai. Nay the Peccadent days, nothing the kind, and d. have loved them. Strange to be invitated by Mrs. but I am.

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Wednesday 12th

Roger died on Sunday. I was walking with Clive on the terrace when Nessa came out. We sat on the seat there for some time. On Monday we went up with Nessa - Ha came - Nessa saw Helen. Tomorrow we go up - following some interment, to the funeral. I feel dazed: my mother. Women cry - I - regret: but don't know why I cry - mostly with Nessa. And I'm too flushed to write anything. My head all stuff. I think the poverty & loss has is what comes to me. a thin blackish veil over everything. Hot weather. a wind blowing. The substance gone out of everything: I don't think there is exaggeration. Will come back I suppose. Indeed I feel a great void, now a then. to live more all over the place, to be people, to create, only in the sense one can make the effort. And I can't write to Helen, but I must now that this is my.

Maupassant, an writer - (true I think.)
En lui aucun sentiment simple n'excite plus.
Tout ce qui est vrai, les joies, les plaisirs,
les souffrances, les déceptions, l'écroulement
entrainement des projets d'obéreration..
Il analyse malgré tout, malgré lui,
sans lui, les coeurs, les visages, les
gestes, les intonations:
Remember Fanny under at mothers bed, when
the head died.: Stella such as a, li
Cayh, Le Crabby, & the nurse crying.
Mrs Prichard. Jean: aged 13. a
was afraid Nessa not likely enough.
now.

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Sur l'Eau
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Saturday
the 15th
Sept.

Me voilà; tempérament:
ne jamais désespérer, penser, aimer, sentir
comme tout le monde, bonnement, franchement,
simplement, sans s'analyser soi-même
après chaque fois et après chaque simple-

I was glad we went to the service on Thursday.
It was a very hot summer day. And ah my
temple & dejected. Music. Not a word spoken.
We sat there, before the open door that led
into the garden. Flowers & trellis which Roger
would have liked. He lay under an old
brocade with two branches of red, bright
may-coloured flowers. It's a strong instrument
to be with one's friends. I thought of him so,
at intervals. Dejected & lonely & ill
at ease - "Large sweet soul" - respecting life
large - "large sweet soul" - respecting life
learned about him - & then the pain & the
fact that he had lived with such rarely-
generously & courageously I thought this.
angered me coming in late, stumbling. That
went ok. Then played Bach. Then the Offer
moved slowly into the door. Then shut. They
played again - Amen. I think old man
yes. I liked the word Amen; Helen looky
big young & blue eyed & sweet & happy.
That is much to remember her for. I found
her on the steps, in the courtyard. Then
dessert came up: and I drank wine &
walk in the garden! & Oh we shared an
Ilbert island he said. What then has
very long I said. For the first time I
laid my hand on his shoulder, & said dear dear
Sir. Now you gather he said. We have had
wonderful friends. he said. We walked
a little, but mostly was out of it, with

her dresses. So we left them to wheel her & heard
her - a merry natural talk, about Rose & books &
laughs, all in aid of really breaking in about her
photograph, & her books. Queer robbers &
drabbers - breeding then rather peevish but talkable
Colam. And then coaxing her. I'd
remember the dinner we gave the memoir
Club and dined in the tent - lucky after
dinner labor. Never again saw Nicky - Oh yes,
I saw; & we drove ab. Very jaded
Cant walk. always back near a complete
perfect fortune - I must take a few days
ab. Ann. Judith also a. Then Dadie
Dadie has been gone half an hour. I am almost
talking incantably, it seems, & is in fact almost
true, since it's Saturday. Ca-c I came,
Stood in without them - boy. Great brown naked legged
Colts. Then there was Mrs Jones & Hugh: bowls:
I sat & listened to the two women plants: knees
that lack, Cant make out: wish I gave her work:
in a bungalow at Leaford. Then dinner: next day
Asylum party (like the Leyton party) at Charlotte:
They acted: I did my hoar old frenzied owl, at
panting Clive, who is off to Siam till November, said
that you'll get over it - an arrow ab. Stuck,
for then I felt I had over-acted. Never mind.
Nessa intensely mournful, Stood Stuck. like a
Statue something frozen about her. Janie. The
Children also saddened (not Ca c). They

Tuesday
Sept. 18

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ached very beautifully in chinese clothes by the pond. Look I
thought I can see this through Rosie's eyes. It's right to enjoy every
first. And yet how can one? This has gone out of the day -
that laughter, that energy: & we were all stunned &
haunted. To home. And then after A & I went -
& I had begun to fidget because they don't wipe their
mouths & eat so much - the chapel is a Dadi
Came. We did not exactly repeat the general
talk: but it turned over us. Lydia to me rather
jarring. She did not care - nothing much seemed
over her. Dear old Dadie very charming & affectionate
We talked about Cambridge: about teaching English:
I held out a bare fork - I mean extended my
views rashly: he was dumbish, serious, very
measured: believes in Education: in measuring
the mind, & finding Goals out to effect
such 'an improved sense of pressure' & so on.
But this rather broke down: he admitted that
he means to have as much as he can afford &
Peter a deathly warning. Teaching without zest
a crime. Suffered a complete bathroom: but
good, became this completeness. Dadie
wants to marry, to have wholehearted children -
live a romantic life with a dark haired
feminine wife. Or this has to comfort his
most desolate mother.
I like writing this morning because it
takes off the strain on the eyes. A cold
dull day after all this blaze. Now we
have Graham - I see us. but then,
perhaps. Peace: & an end to the book?
O if that could be! Busy) feel 10 miles
distant - far away - detached - very
Jaded now.

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I had a notion that I could describe the tremendous
feeling at Roy's funeral: but of course I can't. I mean the
universal feeling: how we all fought with our hands
down, so as it must be vanquished. Then the
vanquishing, this outer face became so clear: the
indifferent. & we so small here & delicate. A fear
then came to me, of death. Of course I shall die
Never was before that day. Nor since: & it
frightened me. But why? I mean. I felt this
vanness of the perpetual fight, with our brains
& bones each other against the other things: of
Roger could die.
But then, next day, today which is Thursday, one
week later, the other thing began to work—
the exalted sense of being above time, death which
comes from being again in a working mood.
And this is not an illusion, so far as I can tell.
Certainly I have a strong sense that Roger would
be able to see on one's side in this great Excitement.
& that whatever the inmates lose down, we
three get outside [redacted] a new life, grow
Helen. And today we go to Waterbeach—dear me,
what have did why unsubstantial content with
the outside, knows nothing. who
never shapes anything but lives like a butterfly
unable to retain or reflect, but abundant
Genuine yet kind unreflecting feeling
I shall have to hear all her sorrows & cares.
'Cheer her up': which happens just exactly.
A cake a kiss a compliment—cheers
on a matter of fact she was unshockedly
remote & rather sympathetic about Roger.
She said how terrified she had been when
She came to see me last at Burke Sq.—how
She had been influenced by my tapestries.
Heed never seen such stuff.

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Sunday
Sept
30 th

The last words of the nameless book were written 10
minutes ago: quite calmly too. 900 pages: 2 years
200,000 words. Lord God what an amount of
re-writing that means! But alas, how heavily it has
brought the pen to a stop at the last line, even if
most of the lines have gone to be rubbed out.
As how the design is there. And it has
taken a little less than 2 years: some months
less indeed, as I think afterward: therefore it has been
written at a quite gallop than any of my books.
The representational part-accounts for the slowness.
And I should say — but only I always say! —
with greater excitement: not, I think, of the same
kind quite. For I have been more general, less
personal. No 'beautiful writing': much
fuller dialogue: but a great strain, because
so many more faculties had to keep going
at once, though none to prevail upon.
No team & Galbraith at the end: but
peace & breadth, I hope. As it is
to-morrow, the line is there. And I am
fresh: I shall re-write the end to-morrow.
I don't think I'm fresh enough this. It is an
'making up' that was the strain — the
invention: & I suppose that the last 20
pages have slightly flagged. Two more days
& I shall to sweep up. But I have the
idea of the whole —
a fine, glowing day. Starling's bathing.
Must now write to Helen.

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Sept
Oct
2nd

Yes, but my head will never let me sleep peacefully: always a terrible
Yesterday morning the old rage & fret set in: & then the sharp,
the very sharp hair over my eyes: so that I sat & lay about
till tea; had no walk; had not a single idea of triumph or
relief. L. bought me a letter travelling ink bot. by way of
Congratulation. I wish I could think of a name. Sons &
Daughters? Probably used already. There's a mass to be
done to the last chapter, which I think, I hope, Dr. as they say in
some circles, I subpoena this, began to move: while the
battle is still hot.

So the summer is ended. Until the 9th of
Sept: when Nena came across the terrace — how I hear
that cry — her dead — a new sparrow, happy summer.
Oh the joy of walking! I've never felt it so strong as in
Cowden Powys, oddly enough, & pierce the same. Hey: the
France like, swimming. Hyères. Thyme the air: the current of
sensation: ideas: & the glow, but fresh change of
down as road, of colour: ah this churned up into a
fine thin sheet of perfect calm happiness. Its true
I often panted the brightest horizons on this sheet: —
often talked aloud. Lord how many hazes of
Sons & daughters — perhaps daughters: Jan would give a
thythm more unlike Sons & Lovers, a woman &
daughters. — I made up, challenging them in my
excitement on the top of the down, in the cold.
Too many buildings afar: & jumps to the effect that-
Chrystie & the Ruyton building Co. are buying
Bottom farm to build on. Sundays!
was worried walking to Lewes by the cars & the villas.
But again, I've discovered the Shoreham farm walk: & the
Piddinghoe walk: & such variety & loveliness — the
river head & the silver: the ship — Service of
London — Jenny down: the bridge opened. Marshmen.

& the garden at night: the moon, like a dying dolphin's eye; a red orange, the harvest moon; or polished like a steel knife; or lambent: sometimes seeming across the sky; sometimes hanging among the branches — Now in October the thick mist must have come, thickening & blotting.

On Sunday we had Bunny. Julian; Bunny do thick & solid, like a beam out of an old tree: Julian rather smaller than usual. Bunny has grey wisps at his temples; looks like a heavy wardrobe: all heavy angular sentences. I noted how my own restless pace, seemed too restless, after 10 minutes had adapted itself to Bunny.

How — do — you — Want — an — aeroplane? His manner of, Lord what a wonder Julian must be an not Every Friday. Bunny has severe small blue eyes that slowly fix themselves. All rather heavy looted. Julian silent. So we walked on the Terrace. Then Duncan — Helen came — Helen in a long coat, & the funny amateur hat with the green ~~for~~ I felt that the wore at the Grosse. ~~for the last meeting~~ Duncan was rather fantastic that the last meeting showed he among the flowers: vegetables, improvements — went to pictures & talked & laughed about Roger. Gently I felt however the ~~he~~ worn out, the end up today as if they were now feeling the shallows, after the Exaltation. The Maple playing. the border — green Helen! All the Berlin Conglomerate in B St. & average R's pictures — dating them wrongly. How one Can hear R. laugh! See him padding about in his slippers. Maynard & left literary Executor Tatlock smelling of drink comes round & says he wants to write R's life. Look what to

Books read or in reading:

Shx. Poems.
Pericles.
Taming of Shrew.
Cymbeline.

Marmontel.
Dr Vigny
St Simon.
Gide.
Early Scraps.

Library books: Powys
Wells.
Lady Brooke.
Prose. Dobrée.
Alice James.

Nancy MSS.
Prose worth keeping.

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has done about our "civic" Juvenile. The Ernest Goldie thing to me quite futile. But this is an aside. What we talked of was the Joan & Pamela & Julian & Helen made her usual quips & ~~so~~ severalen: but she was ultra waiting. Her blue & pink has begat - how woman. She is very poor - seems: must give up B St. & find a flat: must perhaps give up Rodwell. Then the problem of the Children - how facts come pushing in, when the Great rush of Emotion is past. I mean, this dealing with the difficulties and to be done too much by R: at any rate. There he was, bullying her, laughing at her: forcing her to give it all up & come out to Venice, a St Remy. Now she'll be more & more bothered, worried. But she has a great many friends.

And we went to dismantle. Vita playing Gramophone at the top of the pink tower. A blazing day. (I bought 1st sketch of Mesh at Webbs by the way) Some constraint now, as a very simple & obvious kind, became a Queen - She came in at 2. We wore string under a Pergola. lunching An uneasy, nerve strained woman - very tense. She told us how she had taken Miss Maddock the 70 year old Secretary to the marlan hotel to lie. M. had Eaten Crumpets & Cakes - had had no lunch. What to become of her? Queen rather a bore as guest. This stimulated V: reminiscence Eaux Jeux heureuses, Etoiles. And was sacked at Ibbot. Blud: & then went: V. saying, very calmly, that the majority agreed with me in thinking the D. Wland a bad book. And I don't love anyone talking to her gentlemen, particularly. Ly. S. has bought Law B in E & wood

Monday Oct. 4th

a violent rain storm on the pond. The pond is covered with little white thorn; sprinkled down. The pond is breathing with trapping white thorns. like the thorns on a small porcupine: breathes: then black waves: close in: black shudders; & the little water thorns are white.. a little shelter rain. & the elms tossing it up & down. The pond overblown in one side. lily leaves tagging. the red flower swimming about; one leaf flapping. then completely smooth for a moment. then puckered. thorn like stars: but leaping up & down incessantly. & raked smooth of shadow. Now light from the sun: green & red: Thorns - the land a dark green: the stars brilliant green: red houses on the hedge: the cows hey white: purple over Aylesham.

Friday Oct 5th

The storm is over: having rent a few shafts. And hail blown in along the towing path: & tossed all the apples off the trees. We are dreaming plans for a morning then rode to the churchyard walk under the trees. Works: estimate is for £157 - which seems Extreme. Considering that is only a shed: with inferior tin roof but then perhaps an improved new one - work 157. Water is also to be laid on: & I am in a mood rather to doubt my own seeing capacity. Whether to say the Cart chapter is enough: give me a deal of knowledge. Chaplin. They need not necessarily see higher than the level of the boat. My intent is simply that they Ned. be more condensed: a seeing up: a Volution. Of the Cart chapter looks down. The bad last? Whatever Cart chapter of boat, peace? I forget. The names of the BBC committee are out: & am interested to find 2 different and hours: disappointment a relief. & a shock, that it dont much matter either way.

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Oct 9th

back again in London. a party last night: Mary Fisher, Eddie Playfair, Rose Macaulay & Saxon - the odd neighbour: but Macaulay. he cried with laughter. She was pantly Eddie's account of Carrie who went round the world with James: who died: & became "the body" Mountains very nice. Everything very nice. Then was to prove that Chandler is and & indemonstrable - Rose maintained the opposite "I'm a mere babbled of opposite people - my ancestors "the rain." Take them as a simple Methodist: I want to walk all day alone: but I also want to drive my car." he called it having "battling lizards." That made us laugh. Saxon & Eddie represented the uncleanly & Heavens. Also we discussed Communism: Rose very Erudite on that subject: & his book of Extracts: How the greeds! and authors vanity: which was to be ravaged by fear of what men might think of a review. She professed never to care, for herself, what reviewers said. & then began uneasily a story about the hostility she let fall to him last six novels: & how they had put her Milton into small letter type at the end. to which unconscious revelation we smiled. She is a ravaged creature back - as I should be, no doubt, were I. Mary Fisher recalls Boo: but has a mean look a sharp practical look - derived from Lettice She puts me out of conceit with the family face. Too warped. The hair two many & unlucky & the clothes dowdy. a drop of Fishes blood diluted & acidified a disfigurement But she is understanding: has lived in good company: is not a mere dunce: & adores her father. I guess. likes authority: loves Winchester & Oxford & the very urbane intellectual aristocracy - but I was not whizzed off my perch. The Kings Jesperseens & Bantocks murdered this evening.

NYPL

today, as I have a few minutes left. Think I have improved
another method for P. of T. to be Phases of the London mind:
different situations. Part 2. to be in dialogue, in a hotel on the
Mediterranean: Such chapters to correspond with the periods.
Then to rob shops for variety.

Monday — a busy note. In bed 9 to 12: Shy adventure then without text
by Wyndham Lewis. Chapter on Eliot. Finish me, Memoirs, Virginia Woolf ...
Now I know by reason & instinct that this is an attack; that I
am publicly demolished: nothing is left of me in Oxford —
Cambridge, place where the young read Wyndham Lewis:
My instinct is, not to read it. And for the reason: wch,
I often feel: a fiend.

167 "Became a blame has but a momentary effect on the man
whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe
critic of his own work. My own domestic criticism
has given me pain — beyond what Blackwood or Quarterly
could possibly inflict. ... This is a mere matter of
the moment — I think I shall be among the English
poets after my death. Even as a matter of present
interest the attempt to crush me in the Quarterly has
only brought me more into notice." ~~other~~

Well: do I think I shall be among the English novelists after
my death! I hardly ever think about it. Why then do I
flinch from reading W. L.! Why am I reluctant? I
think vanity. I dislike the thought of being laughed at.
At the glow of satisfaction that a B. C will set from
hearing W.W. demolished: also shrink strengthen further attacks:
perhaps I feel uncertain of my own gifts: but then,
I know more about them than W. L.: & after
I intend to do an writing. What I shall do is
crapfully to flatter the nature the indictment from
talk. Answer: I, in a few pictures. when my book is
out. I shall read it. Then always comes to me with a shove: my back is
against the wall: I am waiting for the rake & breaks: &
& then there is the finer desperation pleasure in being
aboard — in being a pepper in being a marker — & so a.

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Sunday
Oct.
14th

the trouble is I have used my own & grey creative working mind
in the Parsifal. No headache (save what they call typical
migraine — she came. & we L. about her strain yesterday)
I cannot put them in my Thanks. It's true I'm planning
the romantic chapter & note: but I can't get to.
This morning I've taken the arrow of W.L. to my heart:
he makes remendous & delightful fun of B. & B. calls me
a peeper, not a looker; a fundamental prude: but
one of the 4 or 5 things (to dreams) who is an artist
that what) pathos the Magellahn amounts to: (oh I'm
tenderated, Edith knows my). Look: this, that
has debted & stung: & I think (12.30) the pain is
over. Yes- I think it- now rippling away- only)
Can't write. when with my brain ~~burnt~~ revive) in 10 days
I think. And I can read admirably: I began the Seasons
Yes I guess it: like Madame Bovary: & Rhododendron — a
Mei Jen in Capricorn: a workshop book I think: so
that my intention to make a beckon in his
direction is now in abeyance. No. I don't like him.
Trash & tarnish: & this morbid selfview. Jewel Torrent. re.
Well: I was going to say, I'm glad that I need not
Cannot write. because the danger of him attacked
is that it makes one answer back — a perfectly
fatal thing to do. I mean, fatal, to arrange the P,
so as to meet his criticisms. And I think my
Revelation 2 years ago stands me in sublime stead.
to adventure & discover, & allow no rigid form
to be made & naked to the touch. If there is
touch in W.L. well, fair & I've no doubt I am
prudent & peeping. well then live more boldly.
But for God's sake don't try to bend my
working one way & the other. Not that one can.
And there is the odd pleasure too, as they
abound: & the feeling of being dismissed into
obscurity is also pleasant. & salutary.

NYPL

monday
Oct. 14
15

walked with L. ab round Letchetton & K-Jardens Yesterday (a fine blowy day: leaves falling) & asked him three questions.
1) What is the sensible attitude to Critics?
not to read it.
2) What should I do now q a money - creation being staggery?
Read.
3) Does he feel I have prevented him from going abroad?
no - I have only prevented him from inner activities
(I think then mean the answer).
We agreed to save up for foreign travel as a large
scale to trots fly over Australia. Perhaps to
to India & China.
I new see us. far far away. A new exhilaration re.
I meant to read then many, but got tempted into making
notes for biography. Rather scrappy. but clears the ely
complete escape from depression (W.L: & Ri Feats)
is in jolting the mind to work. No anodyne powders
I think in the morn. But I am for black as a
pizza a macaroni: & rather that can't shake off
a blackness, a blankness. now (10 to 1) after-
wards it begins to lead an old life q Barnwell
I feel the wheels spinning.
Ethel - oh d-n - after tea. Mayn to morrow.
Yes. creating drops the [illegible] personal body down:
up we go: all that forgotten.
Oh & L. was divinely good: to dinner: what an
immense relief to talk to him: what a
simplification. what an effort to others an
cold daylight: how dejected: yes. & I have been
every day, as I go to the bank. so why - . ee- ee.
Gate arrived today. So the W.L. dinner lasted 2 days.
helped out by old Ethel's bluff affection & this yesterday
by buying a blouse: by Sally last asleep after dinner.
when L. went to the Robson.
worthy among the money.

Tuesday
16

NYPL

I am so sleepy. Is this age? I can't make it all. And so gloomy. What the end of the book. I looked up past diaries — a reason for keeping them. I found the same misery after leaving Lighthouse I was I remember nearer suicide, seriously, than ever 1913. This after all natural. I've been galloping now for 3 months — so excited I made a plunge at my fragments — well. cut that all off — after the first divine relief. I come round terrible blankness must spread. There's nothing left of the temple. of the ideas, of the drama, of the whole life in short that has been racing round my brain: nothing the brain: shes sleeping tired, of my leaves: thank heaven I can sit still on the same railway line — running on my back. Well. so there's nothing to be done the next 2 or 3 or even 4 weeks but dandle oneself. refuse to face it: refuse to think about it. Then time paper make it harder than usual. Yes had La night Nena yesterday. yes, his death is worse than he'll is. Why wonder? such a blank wall. such a silence. such a poverty. How he reverberated! And I feel it high here. But selfishly, I can't throw myself on I did the first walk after his death: when it became all the colours of the setting sun, in my Testament now there's the darkness. the cold to pa[illegible] no protection. And so W.L. had the power to hurt me. No that's over. only I can't return any blame. I'm so ugly. so old. No one wants to me. I'm ... well: don't think about it. I walk all over London: I see people. I imagine their lives. I can't read accurately. I feel so drowsy, as if my brain were divided: can't contract. then I suddenly take out sleep. Slavery is young. hence thanks. to ask me to write about Roger. I don't feel ready to. I dread the plunge into the past. I shy away at Romance — biography or more

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I would like to write down more actual conversation; but it's such hard work. With Nena & Duncan at tea:

V. Roger ... well Everybody he met felt like that about him. He got very restless in the last year or two. He was always jumping up to show one something: Clive made me very angry at Charleston – he's absurd Roger – really in the Cretaceous in his article. He was jealous. Yes. I think that's legitimate

has been love – what a pity that it showed all he lost. People's inferences are good. Besides, someone with he Certain to write about Roger – but had better be byes.

Duncan I liked that Partridge play tho' I'm tired all her words are my head. He is my dramatic. He knows how – I mean – (D. always against public schools – hyper the Sofa – has had a cold).

Then Morgan, after tea, about the meeting of the Civil Liberties tomorrow.

M. I hadn't thought tho'. I'm dreadfully upset. Do I need you would say – may I have a press ticket? Yes. Then: The pound is – I work say. . .

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Oct. 24th I have just written such homage in my lobby as Dickens.
So that's done.
And Stephen Phillips, dear Gray, has defended me against
W. L: & Morand & Read & Stephen are
Comic Tongue. And I have been looking at an article
on the Queen of Roumania. Lyrics ever ext. no)
Can't write about Rogers: & Saturday I want to see
Lady Simon, in Catherine St. & looked at the
Conventual drawing room, & tried to make out
why it comes well. Two red & silver shields
from Marshall & Snelgrove: a reproduction Van
Haben picture: a comic parrot in wale colour:
bad rugs: bears & lions: Adam
mantelpiece: green curtains: brown furniture: such
Utamaro & Cowper — all mean trifles, two mg
details: no design: no & taste. only one
thing after another.
Thena on county like Northern.
"I've been thinking — don't you had a very narrow
life at Manchester. Isn't only me between me,
intensely people, & sexual worker? ought)
to have yet artists to come!
rather wounded & perplexed: rebellious: pale after—
an operation: is just the Carpenters.
how do writers see things? Are you interested in
all kinds of people. Do I make up a scene.
Can I rather ashy. inventing? work I was
tired after Paris. needs exercise: she came — why?
Oh yes, I like the country. Very nice. Very nice hour —
& the children like it. And Mrs is yes to do
papers for sweets. a thousand years at a time.
She is becoming the driven sweet wife: very nice, childlike:
no so, & talk them: no work - as Rogers: but
affectionate. Do I walked home from Thena
across Westminster: a warm spring day.
summer clothes: people strolling: streets Crowded.

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Friday Oct. 26

Yesterday at Ottolines. Old Yeats.
What he said was, he had been writing about me. The Waves.
That comes after Stendhal he said. I see what we're at — But
want more humanity. Can't bear Stendhal: obsessed:
philosophic; has a fancy for Balzac: read, he reads.
Because his people are planted in history: these they are,
letting the boys at the opera: Tolstoy: have them at
school. I'm trying to get the link back to the great
men of the 18c Century. Sweet!
How did Wells like Ireland
Read — (what? Dreiser (Ellen?)) He started the whole
Irish movement — made Irish different from English.
Shall the battle against Ireland.
That yet to be won. Our speech.
We have always been rich, perverted. We create
what I hated. We need writers:
as tragedy: song came: That what creates literature.
Rather vague about the Ethos. Takes 300 years
to about a war. Not yet time to create after
1914. Must get digital into letters
Gold finish light.
The Occult. That he believes in Sunday. All
his work depends on it. Man watching with
Rebecca West: The word came to him: 2 minds
worked in the agreement of God: 2 minds
almost R.E. and them. Then centred
Yeats ex. The Sorbonne another mind. A
woman across him why the father the child.
He went to Lady Gregory. The wrote a
message in speech — Oh sweet rose — showed Mc-
Cauley a/ But. Mrs. Saw Noah write Ex-
Euphues 200 years ago. Stephen then
proves absolutely the Sorbonne another mind.
Mostly religion in Ireland explains

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the world. The occult does explain it. Allen Platonic.
Has been there. His coat hanger advanced across the room
one night. Then a coat on it, Mummified: then a hand
in it. Is writing his memoirs. About Moore —
by Gregory. Gave vale all nonsense. At the age of
50 Moore found himself imbecile. Hence his
ex mania. I don't know why he mended so much!
Seen with his book & the policeman
law to defend me from one letter like that!
Then went on for 1½ hour, Thomas my. At last
Olt. & brought up Pedley, & the Lemon ended.
Ivan has faded after Piranesi Thunder Head —
Plomer & the incessant rattle Stripey talks about
Gregson & Stephens muddled theories to whip
my brain. But felt Yeats Extreme doctrine, liked him.
simplicity, & separately liked his peace: the is
but can't unredote the universe about. He is
Older. His coloured & vigorous little brain
Eyes behind great glasses: ruffled hair tweed.
Phelps aged, wholend fallen in: almost 70)
rubber. A new Cerngahat dog: narrow
obscure downs: one Dyer Pedley Powell: & 20
an Home to sleep over the fire: & now to
Rodmell.

Yeats said that in writing his memoirs he had to leave
out himself, because no man could tell the truth about
the women & in his life. Also no man knew about
himself. Somebody had cast his horoscope &
given him a character, the very opposite of his
own conception: but as he now saw, this was
real character. He believes entirely in horoscope.
Work never do happen such as one without
having their horoscope. & he began to draw
plays acted in London, at the Gaiety. But no
actor can produce a play. Action only shows the
core points. They can't see that there's
a pulsated bone outside the wonder.

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Gent always has a narrative man with whom he goes for
walks – a man who tells a story
Gent and of Proust "a slow motion novel"
Monday Reading Conclusion – How powerful that Herbert is – Speech
Manchester Chant at journey – air crashing different
from any other. I wish read Flotsam – Herodotus – Thomas
I think

Wed. Oct. 31st

Too tired after dining with Helen last night & talking too
much with Oliver about Roger, Bt — too tired to
write. And must dine with Alec to meet Aldous & his
Clarissa. What a life I could have led if I had been
born with full rich blood in my head. Stocks, au Café
Royal floors me: all said this morning. We talked
too much, I think. And I sat in Roger chair, a Thomas ma
he was there – Oliver there like his worm
drowned Hepatica: not so rich a scarlet. Basta
an ill favoured, weak mouthed girl. And Oliver
quotes – dear me, why quotes? Herbert I take
Sallen a lecture: the Lilena friend on that when
I survey. Now to read Jane Austen Thomas Seasons.
Helen (She very asked me tenderly to write Roger
Hope. Yet how to collect all that? make a whole.
I to run & combine. But Margery wants to
write it Margery has the documents; but is
Executor. I deferred. But a "life" unfortunately
Yes. Said Oliver. All sorts of people shd
send down recollections. And unpunctuated.
To what to come of it? I deferred.
(what exactly does that word mean?)

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Oct
Nov
1st

Idea that came to me last night. Diary with Clive & Lytton
Aldous & the Keynes Clarks.
about Rogers life: that it should be written by different people
to illustrate different stages.
Youth. by Rogers.
Cambridge. by Keynes.
Early London life ...
Post war. Clive
Sickert.
Bloomsby. Desmond
V. W.
Later life - Julian
Blunt.
Heard.
all to be combined very by Desmond & me. Lytton
about novels: the different strata of society. the upper
under — the artistic idea. possibly tried in
The Parasites. But I think of working it out
more closely: & now. particularly. in my
critical book: showing how the mind naturally
follows that order in thinking:
Marked by literature.
I must now do biography. autobiography.

Talk at dinner about: Greats; Noel Coward: the
plates: Clarks Constantine; the horlicks: slept in
Emerald: Ly C. says Aldous indecent: wears a false
bust: their collection like ploughland: had
dined & sat next Lady P. Jungle: a bore:
the other woman a hunchback: coward at Monte
Carlo. keeps hand in St James: their life is
dreary — a joy like the rest. The variety show
Gelb - but ah entre the 6d boy at treadmills.

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Reading, reading, beauty — an omelette with a sauce, and
A. nothing there: but the heroic blabbing. Talk about
the Occult: A — can't stand Auden. Nothing but a demagogue.
Declaim: taken in the young. Something in Day Lewis —
hasn't read Thunder.

Nov 2nd. Have left out under a new anaesthetic: hence I write
here, not reverently. And this is another pen.
And my brain is very slightly frozen. like my jaws.
Teeth become like old roots that one breaks off — the
broke, & I scarcely felt. My brain frozen thinks of
Aldous & the Clarks; thinks vaguely of biography;
thinks am I reviewed anywhere — can't look — thinks it is
fine cold day. Angelica at the Nat. Gallery.
Thinks how I shall read Dante: how I did not go to
Vita's lecture; how we have agreed Enid Jones
next week; how we should have met each
there; I finished the Leaver last night: that is a
I want-expect an to-use my bleeding jam — the coloured
cents ½ an hour: then the nerves began to feel again —
& opened the Spectator & read W-a-m again. An
answer to Thunder. "I am not mad-woman-revenge
people call Mrs W. Felicia Hemans." This)
suffices is another little stroke the cats claws to
Nor Chatto; by the way — I don't agree — often do".
And as they are superb on the next page about
Sickert: + W — wish I — say I who — he
Could be civil to maid. Yes: but I do mind
for 10 minutes: I mind hanging the light again, just as
I was sinking into my profound obscurity.
Take a pill on myself. I don't think this attack
will last more than 2 days. I think I shall be

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free from the reflection by Monday. But what a bore it all is. And how many hidden shoots into nothingness there before me. But wait one moment. At the worst, shall I be a fairly negligible writer, I enjoy writing: I think I am an honest observer. Therefore the world will do an proceeding me with excitement whether I can see it or not. Also, how am I to balance W.'s criticism with Gerti — let alone Jolette & Morgan? Would they have felt anything if I had been negligible? And about 2 in the morning I am possessed of a remarkable sense of driving cyclic strength. And I have it: & there are his books: & our life together. And freedom, now, from money paring. And ... only twice times I could completely forget my debts, my reviews, my fame, my sink in the hole — which is bound to come now, & to start about 5 or 6 years — then I should be what I mostly am: a very rabid, & ailed, amused: intense: God, these extravagant ups & downs of speculation: Compare the American in the Mercury ... yes. Let's just take don't compare: let all phases & blame sink to the bottom & shout to the top & let me go my ways indifferent. And care for people — and subtly, in life, an alcoholic. There are many incubus vapours I think. And to all forgotten & over —

What's unpleasant now, is (1) The question of writing R's life. Helen came. Say both the A. M. work it. Do I want. What do I feel about it? If could be free, then here's the chance of trying biography: a blended, difficult chance — better than trying to find a subject — that's, I am free. But M. hesitates: I have heard nothing from her; & rather suspect she wants to do it herself. We were at

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Monk House in a great flood of rain & storm giving this week
end: which lifted yesterday, & I took my Sunday morning
walk with L. & saw the monkey that was found in
the Brooks. This great yellow green ape had run all
acros the down from Peacehaven — a circus monkey
wandering with a keeper up there. Stu odd sight
to have met it clambering along over the downs.
So I went on, to Piddinghoe, & back by the river.
And my brain tore out the rest (working about
reviewing, I mean) & I felt queasy & vaporous. Home
with the car all acrid & yellow & red with
Chrysanthemums. And put them in water — a
long job — & so to hear Sweeney Agonistes at the
Group Theatre: an utter affair & studio: I rarely
saw: an audience, containing Ottoline & Nobe &
Raymond. The acting made more sense than the reading
but I doubt that Tom has enough ge body &
brain to bring off a whole play: certainly he
conveys an emotion, an atmosphere: which is
more than most: something peculiar to himself:
vordid, emotional intense — a kind of Crippen, in a
mask: modernity & poetry locked together. I liked
the Egg Head. Lady with Nobe about her
Shaved Head & he dachshund: Nobe as usual
Eccentric imbecile ecstatic odd. And
there was a mint of notables.

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Wed
14
8 hor

Here I am taking a moment off to breathe in before I tackle the 9 volumes that back. And I am denigrated – rather frittered. There is no doubt that to take to Sibyl is very depressing. The mere a move. wont bleak out; complain under one breath, asks help, but cant be induced to say what is in her mind. Perhaps there is nothing there. She used 'am no longer so young as one was. Arthur is getting deaf. So I have to stand in a shop for an hour – 'Crumpet' – Just one shouldn't be – I think she called it – 'Crumpet' – I forget the exact word. But Oblique references were made then to one Jeanie. And I was hampered: wouldn't get hold of her. Oh he went. sentimentally mournful, celebrities. And she inspected Margery who came at the same moment – so that two remain, as Chesterton, in abeyance. And the coming make my own total flop.

And am now, 10.30 on Thursday morning, 9 hor. 15 m about to tackle the re-reading, re-working the Parisian

An awful moment.

12.45. with that horrid phrase has been made, I've started rewriting the Ps. Lord Lord – 10 pages a day for 90 days. Three months. The thing is to contract: each scene to be a scene. Too much dramatised: contracted: each to be carefully dominated by one interest: some generalised. Accumulate then release the mind flood. I prove that only creating can bring about proportion: new, damnably disagreeable, as I've made it – Comeback the vast man – I am using faculties again. & all the Phils, Jeas are forgotten.

A note. Despair at the badness of the book: Cant think how I ever could write such stuff – I wish such excitement: that yesterday: today I think it good again. A note, by way of advising other Virginias with other books that this is the way of the thing: up-down up down – & Lord knows the facts.

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Nov. 21st

Margery [illegible] to tea on Sunday. A long debate about the book on Roger: not very conclusive. She says she wants a study by me, reinforced with Charteris & other extracts. I say, well but those books are unreadable. Oh & more I want you to be quiet free she says. I should have to say something about her life. I say. The family— Now there & then I'm afraid I should have to ask you to be careful, she says. Agnes is done deaf: has lived all her life in the family. I couldn't let her be hurt — and so on. The upshot of all speech is that she is to write to the W.S. asking for letters: that I'm to go through them: that we're then to discuss — & so will drag on there may months, I suppose. And I plan working at Ps: & getting in reading time with Roger Papers, so that by October next I could write. What's the decision. But what?

A long tantrum several days. Both ways rather cheerful again. L. has finished the first part of Quack: & it goes along vigorously. And we've seen — Layh Rhondda, Heard, Gh Williams. Julian: Leys: Tom; Ketchen: Hope .... In fact we've done our duty as Party givers, & today have a sigh of heavenly blessedness because Raymond has a cold & hates our dinner with him off. I am reading, with interest & distaste, Wells: I want to read a great deal: & the Ps. goes at 8 or 9 pages daily. & that is why I feel content.

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Tom's head is very remarkable: such a confluence such so many lines have marked against him: the world eye dark: but ah rocky, yellow, riven, & contracted- Jet very cold — large shoulders — in his chair. & talks fairly but with authority. Is a great man, in a way, now: fairly considered, didactic. But to me, still, a dear old ass; I mean I cant be frozen off such his divine authority any longer. Was very good Evening. Talk scattered & unlaa pattering. Hope & herding Destruction. Kitchen a little flat & white & cunning & not up to the mark. A rather conducted touchy man, I fancy: has a Good opinion of himself; & is slightly commonplace. But how little I care now, for these slight mis fits. Generally there's some fun to be had — a saying, an attitude. Tom is larger minded than ayou. "But that's only human" he said, when I asked him if he still liked seeing his own name in print.

26 Nov. At Rodwell for the week end. My Lodge is demolished: the new house in process of building in the Orchard. There will be open doors in front. & a new right over to Cabum. I think I shall keep there on summer nights. I made out a capital map of the week; & then, at home, came home & found an asked by the Kauffmans to show a man Ray Photographs of in Bedford Sq. Came so, & said Aldous, Mary & Jack, & a South American Marsta — was that what Roger called those opulent & millionaires from Buenos Ayres? Anyhow she was very ripe & rich: with pearls at her ears, & on a large moth had laid

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Charles of Cafe: the colour of an apricot under glass: eyes
I think brightened by terra cotta: but there we
blood & ladies, in French, & English, about the Britannia,
the great white room, the Cartiers, the Jardenes, the
wealth & opulence of South America: do to Rome -
Mussolini, whom they just met. He was simple &
kind - on purpose. The rat & how not to call
him Excellency. And he said sometimes he woke in
the night & wondered Are my people happy? He
said he is the Corse' of Italy: wheats every day &
every way &. Also photos of women: how no
great man - & Bismarck, Napoleon, Caesar,
needed them: how Beatrice was only florence.
And how we all make mistakes: hers had been
that she made an unhappy marriage. But now
so & have a child" he told her. The time is
past the war. And so to M^e de Noailles,
dying of extinguished vanity in a small
flat: the lamp red. bedizened. covered
with dozen & dozens of rings &: eyes
blacking them all, was never still a moment
lighting lamps & putting them out: demanded
worship: was not old, but had outlived her
fame. Nothing wrong with her but the
death of her great fame. And she left
letters to Barrie's wife. her window boxes: the
& her doctor is piscine the story together.
go Michelen we part: Man Ray says wishes
Come & be photographed - on Sunday. .3.30.
Marquis she wants to come to tea - That's
the end of my planned week - almost.

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Truman merely is certainly very great. her wish to comfort hence; have her to dinner: & tell her about Julian Brown. At once she wobbles like a formidable hen. I am overtaken. The R. Hon. Theatre emphatically but reasonably. She is reasonable but cold. All our feelings are confused: mine discreditable. Why does it overtake me so. This maternal partiality? Anyhow, we all sit again having overdone, instead of overdoing. And she is like a stone wall when I hint that Julian might mend her manners — at least be more considerate — perhaps confidable Lady R. "Like Eddie Playfair" she said at once. No. That not Julian way. And "I should have thought that anyone of sense could have seen — Mrs Grant thought him charming — er a — Then why does J. begin to get him a job? No, she was not a nice evening; & she is lonely without Roger. And the S. American Okamps sent me orchids. I dislike many of my feelings. Most of all I hate the hush & mystery of motherhood. How unreal it all is!

2nd Dec. Isabel odd! some days I can read Dante at each step & every line. The Ps: other days I find them intolerable — helpful. Raines and the chatter & worst. But today (down the scene at the Lords) I'm lost & asked. I think it a good book today. I'm in the thick again. But I will stop at the end of the General Jane, & call my brain that's. I will write the play for Xmas. Fenwicks a farce — for a joke. And rig up my ~~scene~~ Cuckoo Cuckoo Cuckoo William Archdeacon. I look around. Wand Cruel as fiction:

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a good book for new readers. not for wales - all so elementary:
but some good points made. from the outside. the close
though with that sort of criticism. And he's often wrong:
felt W.H. wrong I think: wants to have a profound
theory. us - BJ - are dead: no rag load. I
trap my tigers at them - hyther & I the two detractors.
Poor Francis lies in a hotel bedroom in Russell Sqr
who rang money. I went in, sat with him.
Quite handy with a lump on his forehead. And is
aware & afraid. May die under another operation.
or slowly stiffen into complete paralysis. He - knows
may go. all this he knows: & there is war between
us, as we joked. He came to the verge yet was
twice. But I can't feel anymore at the moment — not
after Rye. I cannot go through that again. That
my feeling. I knew him. "This is the first time —
this Charles kiss" he said. So I kissed him
again. But I must not cry. I thought & so went.
Lord, he said, bitterly how he had grown 10 years
since like to love — to a horrid little creature.
Thank god I never let you see him, he said. Gone to
Rome. No I really couldn't follow him there.
When I saw him first — I just came into the room —
I thought I had never seen anyone so beautiful. He
had talent of course. But ... — so he
rambled & rattled. And Herbert really, dear -
him, poured him out whiskey, as they now
let him have what he likes. He can't read.
Ifer his there with one arm bandaged: in that
bedroom, with the Cyprian shemmes, under a
Green silk quilt. Today, come
O Kampo & H — no I can't remember the -
name the French journalist deposed as me
by Zeb. Oh damn our friends!

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18th Dec.

Talk with Rancé yesterday. She is dying: but makes no bones about it. only her expression is quite different. Has no hope. She says he asks every how long it will last. go on, & hopes for the end. She was perfectly sensible: no wandering, no incoherence. A credit to all her friends. She had deserved to be immortal, a Queen. Her walked back, used to be alive. seemed somehow. Could see my imagination on that theme. What would it be like to lie there, expecting death? A few odd, strange & death. I wrote hurriedly Joseph Angelico answer the first part.

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Sunday
30th Dec

Since I began to type my working book .. I went
felt up here, on here thats. And the year;
with three cursed dogs barking: - I am
sitting in my new home; a chair, & all here.
3.10; a chair raining; & the Cow has the Staircase;
& we are talking her in to leave to catch a
train to London; after which we have tea at
& Charlotte, act the play I done then.
What been the wettest Christmas, I thought
very, drawing a bow at a venture, in regard.
Only yesterday did I manage my phantom farm
walk: but pray God, with Christmas eve,
the rain will stop ~~have~~ finally. Men
Emerge dogs barking.
It was stupid to come without a book,
seeing that I find my money with a head
full of ideas about the Pavilion
Then very interesting to work out. I am
re-working considerably. My idea is to
~~trace~~ contrast the scenes; very interesting
so: then Drama: then narrative.
Keeping a kind of strong, rhythm high them all.
Eyebrow standards of great variety - the book.
I think it shall be called Ordinary People.
I finished, more or less, Maggie, Sarah, the
first scene. in the bedroom: with what
Excitement I wrote it! And now hardly
a line of the original is left. Yes but
the theme is (I say) there. I write

perhaps 60 pages before I catch that. And comes back
I see it hopping like a yellow Canary on its perch.
I want to make both S. the bold character,
every character dialogue. Then we go on to Martin
visit to Eleanor: then the big day that ends
with the Kings death. I have revised all 80 or 90
pages, mostly due to a Cockburn paper though.
End of the year: a Francis Lancaster has death at that
nursing home in Cottesham Road. The expansion and
fuss in what) see: as if she were facing a
peculiar lonely sorrow. Chiswick death - Mark & Lizzy
there alone, working at it. at 45 & 20:
write a play deserve to live. "And so the new statesman
going to be the best paper that ever was, is it?"
Eli dead Mayo (or Bromley Johns) Mother with a
kind of bellmen. None of these words are
exactly right.
And here we are, Chapel & the Lower Lane by the
dogs: get on and very happy Mark: Ever so pale &
clean L. punching his Guards Punch & a
mommy: the Zet crawling from one chair to the
other - picking at Eli's head:
And Roger dead. And am I to work about him.
And the storm of the winter - I mean the
wish to make up as much as I can as I possibly
go to get ready for the wet drive. Days still
barking.

We went to Charleston. Nessa explained to us
that Clive had made a scene the night before
about bringing Sir James to the party.
Would not come, unless he could bring 6
friends without naming them. Now why?
I rather romantic rambling about over
not liking Reynard & so on. Final
Grumble to be heard at dinner: as if
he were anxious to explain. The play
rather fork; but I'm not going to bother
about making a good impression as a
play wright. And I had a lovely old
Jean walk yesterday round the Rat Jaws
valley, by a new way. I met Mr Freeth;
& talked about road making: & then on to
Lewes to take the car to Martins,
then home, & read St Paul & the papers.
I must buy the Old Testament. I am
reading the Acts & the apostles.
I am memorising that dark Hebrew
my reading. What happened in Rome!
And there are seven volumes of Renan.
Lytton calls him 'mellifluous'. Great
& Aldous agreed, the other day, that their
Great aim in writing is to avoid the
'literary'. Aldous said how extraordinary
the 'literary' fetish had been among the

Victorian- Yeats said that he wanted only to
use the words that real people say. That
his change had come through writing plays.
And I said, rashly, that all the same his
meaning was very difficult. And what is
the literary Question. Must go into that, & have
write my critical book. But now I
want to write On being deceived.
My mind will go on pumping up ideas.
for that. And I must finish Odious People.
& then there's Roger. If could finish
O.P. in July: I would then start in
reading Roger. & writing Deceived. Roger
Roger in October 1935. Is that possible!
Publish O.P. in Oct: & work at
those two during 1936. Lord Knows!
But I must press a good deal of
work in - remembering 53-54-55 are
on me. And how excited I get
over my ideas! And there begins to
be -

Sunday 6th Jan. Francis died on the 2nd. It was a
mercy, as we say, that it ended so soon.
But a pity they dash. Last night
suddenly thought, how silly & unkind
to grieve. Death. the decomposition
of the body. &- why think ever
so touched
as ugly noble?

with Mayhew & Lydia. The first time cold day tea
tea came. Talk rather sterile at first. Servant in
the room. I suddenly realised Lydia deplor; &
dreamt to have it reopened. We were talking about
Somerset Maugham. She "I said to him, Do you
want the money at the end? And he said, "No
Then is not the time to discuss things like that
Maybe me to hair: he thought I was nothing more.
But when) wants your life) will bring in the
other Lydia" I said. Oh Virginia Do! She
exclaimed. M. talked about the books he
bought at the Gibbon Sale. Geoffrey bought an
Herodotus but & Gp. note. Geoffrey's library
is the best investment he ever made. Ogden lunch
We got onto the formal artificial. We
talked about France: M. said he was a case of
arrested development: had been a most brilliant
undergraduate, remained one. Should have his
brain analysed. Then Woolf had read his Ch. 4.
Keynes a letter squint. Ch Maynard. Jew
Could not but that word in print. A flash of
Keaney. said M. Shaw help it. Shaw said.
when wrote a figure he respected as he wrote my
books. Then he read us a long magnificently
spicy & juicy letter from Shaw, on a subject,
aged 77. The whole of economics troubled
round in her lager. with the usual dirty
Gibbon & colloquialisms. The most
archbishop Vaughan Keyes, I said. like his
seeing naked skeaky; M. our letter
said that he thinks he has revolutionised & brain
economics; in the new book he is working.

ten years, & what about the Lectures, the Psychology
so as that will accrue to us & then you'll see —
the old Ricardo system will be Effete Exposed: &
the whole thing take a new footing". Then he wrote
in so many words: a Jesuitic boast: true)
Darcey — Whatman why we were asked to
Lunch next Sun — that he may write his book
in the 10th Century hours. "4th pots" said
Lydia when we got up to go. He was
posting this morning. "All the weeklies
are more homes for intercourse, somehow" he said
Nobody has any dignity & nobody an a
Circle — Except Charlotte. Think in Lydia.
What we want is impersonality, I said.
And we declined Young dermitol &
Bloomsbury. So to our Car, they happy
Arm in arm. And to Lewes to get the
Gaulois I'm so proud of. And a
tearing letter (the other sort) from Em Bibesco.

"I am afraid that it had not occurred to me that in
matter of ultimate importance even
fermenta cd. wish to segregate, label this
Leger. Would seem to be a pity that
rex alone should be able to trace them
together" —

to which I replied, What about Hobbes?
This it became, when she asked me to come
the (etc) the anti-Fascist L, I
asked why the women question was ignored.
Do we do, sparing a thought for all the air hop
round fancy that woman a to

Friday
Jan. 11th

Have made a very clever arrangement on the new board that L. gave me for Christmas: such, pending a more exact, I never care to get pleasure from these clever arrangements. So clearly work be very late. There are no letters in the post, as Dr Johnson said. A very long, rather formal, I mean official letter from Tom this morning, which I must put away, as it will be so valuable. Did he think that when he was writing it? L. whose modesty is enough to make me blush, heard from Brae yesterday that they anticipate a large sale for Queen Quad. Jowett wants him to call it — Tom Jones's name. It will be out this spring. This spring will be an us all up. Very windy; today: a dash misted walk two days ago to Paddington. Now the trees are thinning. Nina, Angelica — Eve yesterday. We talk a great deal about the play. An amusing incident. And I shall have a donkey's head to take my call in — by way of saying this is a donkey's work. I make out that I shall reduce the Caravan (so called suddenly) to 150, and: I shall finish it off in May. I wonder. This concerned Thesh. And sometimes my brain threatens to split with all the meanings I could pen into it. The

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discovery of this book, it dawns upon me, is the combination of the External & the internal. I am using both, freely. And my eyes has gathered in a good many externals in its time. So how much more) write about myself than Leonard does about himself. Already engagements are piling: & the lap ahead with the pick & the usual perks & strains. I am going to a London Theatre at the Oxford on Wednesday: Tom suggests it fortnightly tea. And there Helen... I never never used words again: but it's like an apricot under an apple tree for fruit to drop. I can't read Dante as a morning after the struggle with fiction. I wish I could find some way of composing my mind — it's about to let it be ravaged by scenes: when I may not have read all Dante before? — but why harp on death? On the contrary, it's better to pick up my galoshes & go through the dale to lunch off scrambled eggs & sausage. Leonard & I will eat liver. Lamb's liver is more tender than calf's, Louie, then filling up a blank in my knowledge of the world.